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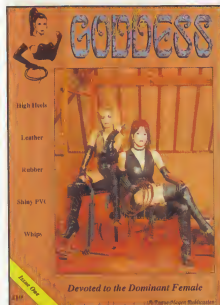
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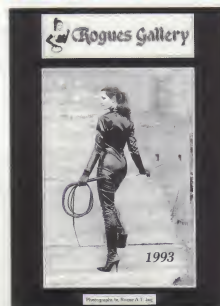
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With faked anger, she orders him to lie on the punishment bench to receive his correction. Staggering to his feet, he obeys without question, and lies across the bench on his back.

"Spread your legs open wide," commands Tanya, as she passes a long riding switch to her friend.

Leia knows how to correct such behaviour from the errant Ashtray. She taps the tip between his legs and then plays the end between his thighs to tease him a little. Then with venom, she rises it high and slashes it down into his genitals. Ashtray's squeal is almost uncomfortable to the ladies' delicate ears.

"Shut it!" Leia yells and quickly follows through with a second evil stroke and then a third.

Ashtray cannot keep quiet and continues to scream in pain.

"You were told to shut it" commands Tanya as she brings her cat o'nine tails viciously across his chest.

Leia is pleased to note the tears in his eyes and decides to give him just one more. The tip of the switch hisses down and bites into the soft target and once more he jerks and writhes as the agony surges through his body.

"Now show us some gratitude" she commands. He rolls off the bench and begins to smother their boots with kisses. For a good five minutes, they casually stroll around as he frantically tries to lick and kiss their footwear. Quite accidentally, or so it would seem, a stiletto steps carelessly

onto the back of his hand followed by a faint cracking sound. Ashtray yelps, but continues to chase those cruel heels that he must worship.

"Enough, I need another cigarette" announces Leia after a while. "Mmmm, me too' agrees her friend. "It's about time he earned his keep."

They seat themselves and withdraw their cigarettes from the packs. Ashtray stares at their delicate manicured fingers, a huge contrast to his own aching fingers, cruelly crushed beneath their boots. As he offers the lighter, Leia commands "Other hand, fool! Do you really expect Tanya to lean forward?" Tanya smiles. She knows full well the real reason, and so does Ashtray as he struggles to grip the lighter with his aching hand, but fumbles the catch and nearly drops it. Tanya slaps his face from side to side.

"Get a grip, you feeble cretin" she snarls.

He tries again, his hand still shaking, but at least he succeeds in lighting Tanya's cigarette. She blows the first jet of smoke into Ashtray's face.

"Looks like you've really put the wind up him" she laughs.

Leia snorts.

"Well he's seen nothing yet. Slaves don't have an easy time of it in my establishment I can tell you."

Ashtray lights his new owner's cigarette. His bottom lip quivers like a baby's. He kneels back to await the next degradation. He doesn't have long to wait.

Tanya exhales a dense cloud of smoke and gently blows it on its way.

"I don't much care for this cigarette" she announces. "It must have been lit badly. Open your mouth Ashtray."

The hapless wretch obeys. Tanya drops her cigarette in, tip first. "Now light me another" she orders when his scream subsides.

"Really darling" laughs Leia. "Don't you know you should put a cigarette out before you dispose of it?"

She holds the lighted tip a millimetre in front of her slave's nipple. He feels the heat and shudders.

"Do you think this would be a good spot?" she inquires sweetly.

Ashtray groans.

"Seems perfect. That must be the reason why men have nipples" laughs Tanya.

"Let's see" continues Leia before slowly rotating her cigarette on



Ashtray's breast.

Eventually the screams die down.

"Hmmm, that must be a sensitive spot" comments Leia merrily. She drops the stub into her ashtrey's mouth and kicks him to the ground.

"Hands on the floor, arch your back; we need a chair" she orders.

The sobbing Ashtray obeys and the two happy women sit on his back. On top of the weal's it's very painful. He bends under the strain.

Leia and Tanya chatter about mutual friends. They are excited yet relaxed. Leia's birthday is progressing nicely. It's going to be a good night. Ashtray buckles a little more.

"Don't you dare collapse" orders Leia. "Or we'll whip every shred of skin from your back."

Ashtray whimpers. His endurance is nearly exhausted yet somehow he has to find hidden reserves. Tanya shifts her weight to increase the strain a little more...



Lady Jenna Commands

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letters, photos, drawings
etc.*

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We have put together a range of photo-sets that will grow into unique collections for the FD enthusiast. The first range available is *Dominas with cigarettes*. The second range is for the heel and fetish footwear enthusiast; details in a future issue.

Ashtray

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Leia is gently daydreaming when the doorbell awakens her. The raven haired young woman kicks off the slave avidly licking her boots and opens the door. It's her best friend Tanya, looking delectable as usual.

"Happy birthday darling" greets the cool blonde.

"Thank you honey, come inside. Hmmm I see you've bought a toy to play with" notes Leia.

She refers to the slave at her feet. He's naked except for a thin pair of briefs. Tanya tugs him with a dog leash. He's been forced to crawl that way along Leia's gravel driveway.

"If there's anything I can do to make his stay less comfortable, I'll be only too happy to oblige", smiles Leia. The women embrace and kiss each other on the cheeks.

"I've got a super present for you" remarks the blonde. "It's a sort of ashtray."

"Oh lovely" replies Leia half-heartedly. She expects her best friend to be a little more generous than that.

"Only it's a bit too big to wrap" continues Tanya.

"How big can an ashtray be?" asks Leia, intrigued.

"You're looking at it, silly" laughs Tanya kicking the flanks of the crawling male.

"Oh I see, thank you darling. That is lovely. Let's take it upstairs and see if it works" responds Leia.

The two women climb the stairs chatting happily. Their slave crawls painfully behind them, his shins banging on the stairs. In Leia's antechamber the two beautiful females seat themselves on a punishment bench and relax.

"Take this lighter slave" orders Leia. "If you're an ashtray you'd better be able to light a cigarette properly."

'Ashtray' lights cigarettes for the two ladies in turn. He shudders.



There's something in the eyes of his new mistress which makes him even more nervous than usual. Leia blows a smoke ring over his nose.

"I'm sorry I couldn't find a more attractive ashtray" apologises Tanya. "But I think you'll find it's very effective. There's no mess left to clear up."

"I'll try it out" smiles Leia.

"Open wide" she orders.

Ashtray opens his mouth and Leia flicks in her ash. Tanya quickly follows suit. The slave swallows his unpleasant snack quickly.

"Down on the floor" orders Leia suddenly, using her boot to speed him on his way.

Leia inhales on her cigarette and savours the sight of her new



possession. He cringes obsequiously at her feet. What better way could there be to celebrate a birthday than relaxing with a dear friend while tormenting a new slave?

Leia is typical of the women of Cruella, serenely confident in her right to treat men like specks of dirt. She's learned since birth that males exist solely as instruments of amusement for the superior sex. The wretch squirming under her heel is simply assuming his natural position.

She slowly purses her lips and exhales a long thin stream of smoke. She has a worry-free existence with slaves to attend to every whim. Like the whole Cruellian female population, she owes her wealth to slave labour. When one sex is worked to its physical limit, receiving nothing beyond the bare necessities of existence, the other sex naturally enjoys a life of relaxed luxury.

Leia rocks her heel slightly and digs further into flesh. it produces an amusing yelp from her victim. It's funny how such a slight movement can cause so much distress. She fills her lungs

with smoke and enjoys the moment. Aaahh the exquisite sensation of power!

Ironically it's only this pursuit of power that complicates her idyllic lifestyle. She finds that each exquisite moment of power drives her to seek the next level. Leia owns ten slaves, a good haul for one so young, yet in her fantasies she owns a hundred men, each cowering in terror if she just looks in their direction.

She flicks the ash from her cigarette and watches it float down to the anguished face of her new ashtray. He gulps it down like a goldfish. She studies the look of anguish in his eyes and smiles.

"I nearly lost a slave this morning" interjects Tanya.

"Surely not an attempted escape?" responds Leia.

"Oh no, some chance!" laughs the blonde. "I had a wild night last night, woke up with a bit of a hangover, so I took it out on my toilet slave. Got a bit carried away to be honest."

"Serves him right" giggles Leia. "If men aren't there to take out your bad moods on, what's their point at all?"

"Mmmm, that's true but I nearly whipped this one to oblivion. Then I felt like squatting. It felt so good I clean forgot about his breathing. When I got up his face was blue, it looked quite funny really but I thought he'd had it. Luckily a few good slaps brought him round."

Tanya flicks her ash onto Ashtray's stomach.

"Wouldn't it be nice to be like those really wealthy ladies who can shrug off the loss of a slave like the loss of a button" remarks Leia.

"I'm always careful not to damage a button" laughs Tanya. "But you're right, slaves are worthless in themselves but they still have to be bought and kept. You know I really resent their cost in food."

"Perhaps you should let them scavenge round your garden. Plenty of insects there I imagine" Leia responds.

"Is it right to let them eat a higher form of life?" smiles Tanya.



"Perhaps not" smiles Leia. "Besides, we're on the way up. The landowners have all the power right now, but we businesswomen are getting stronger and stronger."

"In the meantime" smiles Tanya. "You can still have lots of fun and keep your slaves for the next day."

Tanya wraps her cat o'nine tails around the flanks of her gift. She draws deeply on her cigarette and watches Leia slide her stiletto heels into Ashtray's supine mouth. He sucks and slobbers in hope of pleasing his owner.

Leia presses her foot downwards so that her slave's nose is squashed flat against his face.

"Have you ever wondered what it might be like to be a male?" she asks.

"Can't say I ever have" replies Tanya. "Pretty unbearable I suppose but then who knows what passes through their tiny minds if anything?"

"And who cares?" laughs Leia exerting her full force downwards. She enjoys inducing a frantic gargling noise. Her spirits are raised even further.

Tanya sits on the punishment bench. She drapes her cat o'nine tails over Ashtray's right thigh and rests a boot on his crotch. After inhaling deeply on her cigarette she digs her other heel into the supine male's left thigh. He splutters and groans as she removes the cigarette from her lips and digs her heel in all the harder.

Tanya's ruby red lips part and a curl of smoke rises towards the ceiling. She smiles at Ashtray's face squashed beneath her friend's boot. No matter how many times she sees a male in distress, it never ceases to amuse her.

She despises men for so many reasons. Their hideous bodies, their bovine servility (not that she would ever tolerate disobedience), their inability to perform the simplest task without stupid errors. Then again, Tanya strips her slaves of their last vestige of self-confidence. No wonder, the most trivial decisions sends them into blind panic. It just makes her all the more contemptuous of their imbecility. In her eyes, men are lucky to have the patronage of superior beings. Surely, she reasons, they would never survive independently.

This particular 'imbecile' writhes under the assault of four remorseless heels. A boot is lifted from his face but the relief is only temporary. Leia flicks another dose of hot ash downwards. He gulps it quickly as though it's an honour.

Ashtray. So that's to be his new name. Scarcely flattering but no worse than some previous titles, like 'maggot', 'sewage' and 'whipping boy'. Often he's just had a number. He searches his memory to recall his original name.

"Paul, that's it, my name is Paul" he remembers excitedly. Sadly, this small moment of inner defiance is broken by the flick of a cat on his thigh. It's painful but not excruciating. Tanya gives the order to roll onto his stomach. He obeys without thinking.

Now the two women are standing.

"It's multi-functional" laughs Tanya. "It also makes a quite decent doormat."

"Well my doorway gets very busy" replies Leia. "It'll have to cope with two people wiping their boots at once."

Tanya stands on Ashtray's back as Leia steps on his backside.



Get down on your knees and light our cigarettes. Clean the dirt from beneath the soles of our boots and then lie down as we trample you into the ground. Suffer in absolute agony as we walk all over your pathetic body 0898 122408







He squeals as they exert their full pressure. The ladies heels are so sharp; he can feel them sticking into his bones.

They both scrape their feet as though he were a real welcome mat. The pain is simply unbearable.

"Aaaarrrggghhh . . . Please Goddess please" he yells.

Jeanette is stunned.

"Ashtrays don't speak, you stupid cretin."

She stamps her heel in punctuation.

"Don't you ever, ever speak again.

There's nothing you can say that's of any interest to me."

Tanya joins in.

"You're an object, an ashtray, get that through your thick skull."

"You"..... Lash!

"Exist"..... Lash!

"Only to serve"..... Lash!

Tanya lays the cat onto Ashtray's shoulder with genuine fury. How dare this insolent insect interrupt their pleasure?

These are stinging blows, Tanya's doesn't have the leverage to give them full force, but she soon stands back to give Leia her turn. She uses a bullwhip to lash his back with venom. Ashtray writhes and writhes, sobbing uncontrollably.

Eventually Leia relents. A lesson well learnt she reckons. No need to put him out of action for the whole day. They can extract a lot more fun from him yet.

Leia gives her new slave a minute or two of obsequious grovelling, then orders





him onto his back.

"Slither over here, under my heel!" she commands. It's agonising for Ashtray to drag himself across those newly raised weals but there's no alternative.

"Such a fuss from a little whipping!" comments Tanya.

"Obviously needs toughening up" agrees Leia. "He'll find each trashing strengthens his hide for next time."

"Yes, pity that" remarks the icy blonde.

"Oh don't worry; I've got lots in reserve. I'll just lash him harder each time!" smiles Leia.

"Now get your lips round that!" she continues, referring to the hapless male.

Leia lowers her spiked heel into his mouth.

"Suck you creep, suck for all you're worth."

Ashtray sucks and drools. Saliva spills over his lip as Leia thrusts the heel down his throat.

"See the spurs on my boots?" she asks. "You'll get to know them like close friends. I'm going to ride you like a horse and whip you round and round the yard. If I start to flag these beautiful spurs will revive you. Can you see how sharp they are? When I jab them in your thighs, you'll squeal like a piggy."

Ashtray keeps sucking and sucking. He's known plenty of cruel women before but never one quite so sadistic. He struggles to keep his bowels under control. Leia sees the fear in his eyes and glories in her power to crush his spirit.

She removes her heel and places it on Ashtray's temple. Her toe rests across his lips. Tanya slips a stiletto against his Adam's apple.

"One thrust and I could pierce your throat!" she comments. "So kiss your owner's soles and show her you're grateful to be her ashtray."

The tortured male would find death a blessed release but he's too cowardly to disobey. He kisses the leather fervently. Some Cruellian males spend so much time kissing leather, they taste it on their food (which admittedly tastes of very little else).

Leia presses her boot down hard onto his face, delighting in the stifled cries. "He is a good ashtray. Let's reward him, shall we?"

Tanya looks in puzzlement at her friend. Reward a slave, whoever heard of such a thing. Leia steps across his body and raises her boot above his genitals. Slowly she lowers her heel onto his manhood and drags the spike along its length. Tanya is fascinated and panic flows through ashtray.

She continues to massage his flaccid penis beneath her boot, digging the heel in and gently twisting it around, occasionally pressing down with the sole.

"I do believe that they like to have their 'ugly parts' massaged", she says, "make it twice as much fun for him and join me."

Tanya smiles and places her stiletto heel between his balls. Ashtray gasps with fear and clenches his fists, for he knows what is coming. The two ladies continue to raise and lower their sharp heels, digging deeply into ultra-soft flesh. Suddenly their heels meet, trapping a delicate ball between them. Ashtray squeals in absolute agony and the two ladies nearly lose their balance as he rolls over.

"You miserable, ungrateful wretch," yells Tanya. "We are kind enough to give you such pleasure and this is how you repay us".







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The Games that Ladies Play

The mini-man runs for his life across the cold stone floor as the whip cracks loudly above his head.

Lady Yvette quickly steps forward and cracks her whip again at the dodging vermin. It misses, but was much closer this time.

As the man avoids the streaking leather tip, Lady Cindy comments "I thought that you'd have hit it by now."

Lady Yvette turns to her friend and says "Don't worry, I'm just teasing it. I can hit it whenever I like."

"Prove it, then" her friend taunts.

"OK." She brings her arm back

and sends the leather whip snaking furiously out towards its defenceless target. The tip slashes round the man with vicious force and throws him across the floor. Then it disappears, only to return a split second later to tear into his naked body. Three more strokes rip into him with deadly accuracy before Lady Yvette coils it up, running the now wet tip through her gloved hands.

"Oh, well done" exclaims her friend, most impressed.

Lady Yvette laughs, "Yes, it's so easy to hit them like this, but it's a different matter whilst on horseback;

and I do so love to practise. It's going to be a fun afternoon."

It certainly is. Mini-men hunting is one of their favourite games. They usually take about a hundred of them to a large bare field with no grass, crops or anywhere else for them to hide and then release them. The main idea is to tell them with the whip in order to give them a 'sporting chance'. Many, however, will meet their end beneath the trampling hooves, but that can't be helped; it's all part of the game.

Lady Yvette walks up to the man lying on the floor, her heels clicking on the stone. She sneers down at the groaning mess and places her right heel into the centre of his back. She crushes down until she feels a cracking sensation bringing howls of agony from the insect trapped beneath.

"Finish it off" her friend says, "we ought to be going now."

Lady Yvette takes her heel off his back and lowers the sole onto it, twisting her foot as she crushes down. A final squeal of agony and then silence.

She turns to Lady Cindy and says, "Can you go and load the rest into the car whilst I have one of the servants lick my boots clean, this damn rodent has messed them up."

Lady Cindy laughs in agreement and leaves the room, instructing other servants to follow her with the crated mini-men.

Moments later, Lady Yvette appears at the Range Rover with her boots well and truly cleaned by a servant's tongue. I wonder what goes through a servant's mind when he has to perform such tasks, her friend muses, sitting in the passenger seat. Just before Lady Yvette gets into the drivers seat she releases the mini-man that she has carried with her. Instantly, he starts to run for safety, only twenty yards away; but that's a long way for someone with such tiny legs.

Lady Yvette starts the engine and presses her high-heeled boot sharply down on the accelerator. The wheels spin on the ground before the large turbo-powered vehicle shoots forwards.

In an instant it is behind the tiny man who tries to dodge it. Lady Yvette responds in anticipation and a thrill surges through her body as the familiar thuds and splattering sensations are transmitted from beneath the wheels.

Lady Cindy laughs heartily and looks over her shoulder, out through the rear window at the stain on the drive.



VALENTIN 92

Then she looks at Lady Yvette and places her hand on her friends thigh. As she drives, Lady Yvette smiles back with true affection. Lady Cindy works her hand down into Lady Yvette's inner thigh and then runs her fingers over the soft leather that covers her private parts.

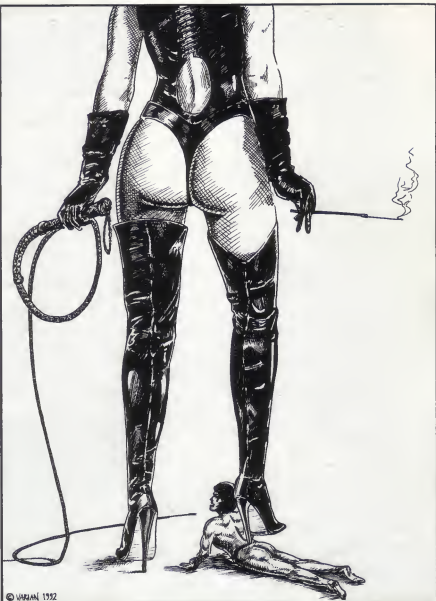
Lady Yvette sighs with pleasure, and keeping her foot in position on the accelerator, opens her legs a little wider to accept the wandering fingers. She is already wet down there, an excitement built up by the pleasures of dealing with insect-men.

Lady Cindy leans over, kisses her on the cheek and then starts to nibble at her ear whilst working her fingers in harder and faster.

Lady Yvette applies the brakes and brings the vehicle to a halt, driving it off the road, as her breathing becomes soft moans.

They move into the back of the vehicle and make love in front of the crated mini-men who watch the two gorgeous ladies enjoying each other.

They can only watch and wait; their fate is sealed and these two cruel bitches have sealed it. But first, their pleasures....



CRUELLA

Credits

Editor: Lady Jenna

Photography: Rogue A.T. Jag

Illustrations: Varian

Graphics/Layout: Wizz

Stories:

Lady Jenna's Equestrian Memoirs by Phantom

Research Institute by KG

The Playroom by Xanthos

Ashtray by Jon de Wolfe

Pain Theatre by Jaqui

The Games that Ladies Play by Jay

Additional Photography of the Governess by Mark

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Editorial

When we first brought Cruella out, we didn't quite expect the enthusiastic response that we have received. Originally, it had been our intention to produce a magazine each four months. However, due to the demand we have decided that from July onwards there will be a Rogue-Hagen Publication out each month! Hence the new format of 52 pages. There will also be a new regular title coming out. At present the new title is a secret and will appear on an alternating basis with 'Cruella' and 'Goddess'. We will only be printing a very limited number of issue 1 of the new title so that we can make it a bit of a collectors item as has become issue 1 of Cruella (which only had around half the print run of its successors). Indeed, in our own stock rooms, we only have some thirty or so copies left! If you would like to ensure yourself of a premiere copy of the new title, then we strongly advise you to reserve a copy by placing your order now; just £10 payable to 'Cruella'.

Cruella Survey

Dominas with cigarettes (is it good or bad for their slave's health?).

We'll the response was 99% in favour. See a small sample of the letters received at the back. So, to show how much we appreciate your views, and for taking the time to write in, this issue contains a rather nice amount of smoking domina stories (much more to come!). Unless of course, those of you against just couldn't be bothered to write in! We must say that we only received three letters against. If you think that our survey results are way out, then write in and let us know.

This month, we would like to know your views on the mini-men stories. Are they acceptable symbolic representations of men in their rightful insectly roles as opposed to the giant stature of the female Goddess; or are they too ridiculous for words? Letters to date would indicate about a fifty/fifty split. What do you think? Also, let us know of any other surveys that we could carry out.

By Order, Lady Jenna.

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I want you down on your Knees and begging for mercy - 0898 122401

The Governess

In issue 2 of Goddess, we are pleased to welcome the Governess as an executive member of the editorial team.

Many of you will recognise her as the Lady who plays the role of High Priestess Diana in the 'Fantasy World of Cruella', issue 2. Now, YOU have the chance to be at her mercy!

A genuine dominant, she has trained (and broken) many males. With several of her close Mistress friends, the slaves in their service learn to respect females with the utmost devotion.

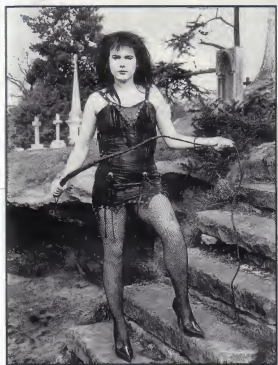
The Governess realises that many of you are lacking in your abilities to worship true dominant ladies and is now offering you the chance to learn under her strict supervision.

In Goddess 2, we introduce the Governess with her own article, which includes photographs by one of her servants. Read her article for yourself, and then decide if you are good enough to serve such a superior Lady.

We have only printed a small number of Goddess 2 and so we are offering it by mail order only for a month. The remaining copies will then go to several select newsagents. If you want to ensure



yourself of a copy, we suggest that you place your order right away (See page 19) as we cannot guarantee them being available in your area. All magazines are despatched securely wrapped and taped in two strong plain envelopes that cannot be 'accidentally' opened. **Worried about Home Deliveries?** Then why not obtain a PO Box from your main Post Office. They are very simple to arrange within a couple of days. It only costs £48 for a whole year, and you can just go and collect your 'Special Mail' whenever you feel like it. Just think what you are missing when you see all those mail order ads but not able to have items sent to your home. Go to your main PO, get a box, and don't miss out! IT REALLY IS THAT SIMPLE!



Listen to the sound of my whip cracking across a mere slave's back. Listen to him scream and beg for mercy. And then it is your turn to worship me. Make one mistake and you shall surely suffer -

0898 122409



RESEARCH INSTITUTE



Beg for mercy as I torture
your worthless writhing body
0898 122402

Lady Leah enters without formality.

Dr. Hazel is not offended by the unannounced intrusion: it does not befit the Imperial Mistress of Science to first knock and wait. "Lady Leah," she says, rising to her feet. "Welcome."

"Thank you Hazel," replies the visitor, seating herself in a cushioned chair before the doctor's desk. "But I'm afraid that you may not welcome what I have come to say."

The superior's grim demeanour leaves Dr Hazel apprehensive. "What is wrong, My Lady?"

"We've got a new Imperial Mistress of the Treasury, that's what's wrong."

"Yes, I saw her on the television news last night ... Lady Monica, I believe. She seemed very purposeful; I thought her most impressive."

"Purposeful and impressive she may be but I'm afraid that she is scientifically illiterate. She called me into her office this morning and announced that she was slashing the Science and Technology budget in order to finance more, and better, State Prisons."

"Oh dear."

"Definitely 'Oh dear'. It turns out that she is a lifelong friend of Lady Karla - the Director of State Security. We're in big trouble, Hazel, and I need ideas."

"Well ... It seems to me that we have to prove the value of scientific research to her. Why not invite her here to APRI for an afternoon and I can give her a guided tour."

"I'm rather pleased that you suggested that," says the Imperial mistress, smiling warmly. "She's due in a little over an hour."

The doctor gasps. "You've already invited her ... But I've got nothing ready for display!"

"Then we'll have to get something ready. Half a dozen exhibits to show her how vital your work is."

"But why here; why APRI; why not one of the other higher profile institutes?"

Because APRI is in the van of scientific research; and you, dear Hazel, are my most able Director ... So start thinking."

* * *

Lady Monica is twenty-eight years old; tall and slim with curly black hair and a fair complexion. She is delightfully attractive but her elegance is subservient to an air of brusque determination.

Lady Leah and Dr Hazel are in the lobby to greet her when she enters; her large entourage of slaves, guards and clerks in tow.

After the exchange of formal greetings Dr Hazel broaches a difficult subject: "My Lady, some of the exhibits that we will be demonstrating are of an extremely sensitive nature. Can I recommend that you leave your male slaves down here in the foyer."

"Doctor," the Mistress replies, "They are my most devoted servants; devoid of tongues and rewarded for their loyalty with the retention of their private parts. They present no danger to the secrecy of your projects."

The Doctor backs down, uneasily, but Lady Leah intercedes on her colleague's behalf: "Secrecy is not the problem, Lady Monica. Some of the sights we'll be witnessing are likely to distress your males in the extreme; we don't want to be inconvenienced by them continually passing out on us."

"Very well," Lady Monica concedes. She turns to address the guards: "Girls, you will remain here to keep the males in check. Only Sonia will attend me."

A young girl steps forward: a blonde and bubbly teenager with a notebook and pen in her hands - Lady Monica's private secretary.

The guards, meanwhile, communally groan. They have heard a little of the activities at APRI and were all looking forward to witnessing things at first hand.

The four women set off into the main body of the institute, Dr Hazel to the fore, the two Ladies side-by-side, and Sonia bringing up the rear.

A plate on the door proclaims "Room 12'. Doctor Hazel leads the party in to examine the first exhibit.

Inside, the room is brightly lit. In the middle of the floor is an operating table onto which a middle-aged, naked male has been securely strapped.

"Note his cock, My Lady," says the young doctor.



Call 0898 122403 to Suffer in agony for our amusement

Lady Monica stares closely at the organ but it seems unremarkable. "I see nothing unusual about it," she says. "Other than the fact that it is still attached to his body which, at his age, must be unusual. Has no-one thought to confiscate it?"

Dr Hazel reaches out a finger and flips the organ over so that it comes to rest against the male's belly. Lady Monica looks again and notices a tiny scar beneath its inverted head. "Ah yes" she says. "You've operated on it ... So?"

"If My Lady would care to stimulate him to erection ...

"I most certainly would NOT care to stimulate him to erection. I have no intention of even touching the disgusting little thing!"

Sonia, the pretty secretary, offers her own services: "I'll do it if you like."

The others move aside to allow the young girl to take up her position. Her ministrations bring the organ swiftly to life. She masturbates it to full rigidity at which point the room is assailed by an horrendous shriek of masculine agony, so loud it causes Sonia to jump back in alarm.

"What in hell caused THAT?" Gasps Lady Monica.

Dr Hazel is both calm and coy. "It's a Neuronic Booster Switch," she announces. "Triggered by the increase in blood pressure within the erecting cock."

"What does it do?"

"Well, gentle rubbing stimulates only about two percent of the nerves in the head of the cock. They send messages to the brain which interprets the low intensity as being pleasurable. The neuronic booster, however, tricks the brain into thinking that absolutely all of the nerve-endings are firing simultaneously - an event which could only really be caused by smashing him between the legs with a sledgehammer. As soon as the erection reaches its critical point the switch trips in and his brain - assuming that his cock is under attack - sends messages to the pain centres which react accordingly. As soon as the erection starts to subside the switch resets itself ready for the next time."

Sonia reaches out to the rapidly diminishing penis and resumes her stimulation of it, smiling into the slave's terrified eyes. The other three women subsequently applaud her skill in eliciting his second shriek.

"It's all very amusing" says Lady Monica. "But what's the point? Why not just destroy his cock with a sledge hammer instead of simulating the effect?"

It is Lady Leah's turn to command the conversation. It is a chastity device," she explains. "Belts can be tampered with, as we all know; and a really clever slave could get away with secretly playing with himself for years. The Neuronic Booster, on the other hand, cannot be removed without complex surgery: it acts as a permanent restraint."

"Yes," Dr Hazel adds. "And chastity belts are essentially passive devices. They prevent the physical expression of arousal but don't punish the thoughts that produce it. The beauty of the implant is that it turns arousal into its own punishment."

"And," Lady Leah continues, "It attracts attention. if you hear a slave screaming in a nearby room then you can be quite certain of the cause. You can then summon him for any supplementary punishments that you deem appropriate."

Lady Monica nods her head. "Yes, I can see now how it would be useful."

Dr Hazel leads the party out into the corridor, exchanging a relieved smile with Lady Leah; their honourable guest



may not be too hard to impress.

In room 19 are two males; one of them slender and white, the other a large, muscular black buck. They are sitting together on an operating table when the door opens but both quickly jump to practised attention.

Lady Monica stares at the pair of them for a moment without realising what it is that her hostesses expect her to notice. Sonia sees it and puts a hand to her mouth to stifle a giggle.

"What is it, Girl," asks Lady Monica, perplexed.

"My Lady! Their privates ..."

The older woman turns her attention to the males' genitals and soon also has to stifle a laugh. "Good heavens," she exclaims. "They've got each others cocks!"

"Balls too," Dr Hazel points out. "We transplanted everything over in a straight swap."

"Well, well, well," says Lady Monica. "I've got to admit that I've never seen anything quite like it; but, tell me, what is the point."

"It's for the customisation of breeders," explains Lady Leah.

"Gosh, yes," says Sonia. "I understand." She approaches the two men, stands in front of them, takes a penis into each of her hands and begins to masturbate them.

"I'm beginning to understand too," says Lady Monica, watching the growing pair of erections. "Sometimes you get a breeder who is tall and muscular with a splendid physique but absolutely pathetically cocked; you also get some who are small and puny but very well-

cocked. Your technique produces a synthesis of the two."

The males are both close to orgasm so Sonia switches her grip down to their testicles. "Naughty boys," she laughs. "You didn't think I'd be letting you come, did you ... she jerks each hand into a fist, crushing the tender parts between her fingers.

"Try to pull them off," Dr Hazel suggests.

Sonia drops onto her knees and drags down, fiercely, on the transplanted scrota. The two men are pulled down to the floor but their recently acquired genitalia remain intact.

"Permanent," says Lady Leah.

"And impressive," concedes Lady Monica. "What have you got for me next?"

There is only one male in room 31. He is chained, naked, to an operating table and has a very large and solid erection.

"We call this one 'The Pleaser'," says Dr Hazel.

"What have you done to his face?" asks Lady Monica. "Does he have a nervous tic or something?"

"His tongue has got a mind of its own," notes Sonia.

Dr Hazel indicates the man's throat: "A miniature battery in the nape of his neck sends an alternating current through the muscles that control his tongue. He is unable to keep it still."

"Oh wow," the young secretary coos. "Would you like me to try him out, My Lady?"

Lady Monica laughs and gives her assent.

Sonia slips up onto the table-top and kneels astride the man's face. Her leather mini-skirt needs no hoisting to reveal her loins which are unknickered. She settles down onto his face and instantly lets out a weak gasp.

"You say that you call him 'The Pleaser'?" Lady Monica asks of Dr Hazel.

"That's right. Apart from the obvious delights of his tongue there is also the priapism."

"Priapism?"

"His cock, My Lady, is permanently erect."

Lady Monica takes hold of the stiff organ and masturbates it absent-mindedly. "Oh," she exclaims rather suddenly. "He's been castrated!"

"Of course, Lady Monica," says Lady Leah. "De-balling denies him the pleasure that he must bring to others."

"But how is it possible ... A eunuch



*Lady
Jenna*

*Commands
you to get
down on
your knees
and call her
now on.....
0898 122404*

with an erection?"

"The procedure is quite simple," explains Dr Hazel. "First he was stimulated to the point of orgasm so that the cock would assume its largest dimension; next, he was injected with a cocktail of drugs that causes the organ to freeze; and finally, castration."

"I see ... Interesting. We'll leave Sonia here, shall we; she seems to be enjoying herself."

Dr Hazel halts outside room 44 and produces a small, black, electronic device from a pocket of her white coat. She hands the device to Lady Monica and indicates a panel of small buttons on its surface.

"What does it do?" asks the Mistress.

"Press that button, there, at the top right-hand-side."

Lady Monica activates the device which begins to bleep, rapidly. Dr Hazel indicates a second button: "Press that one now; keep your finger on it."

The bleeping becomes gradually faster until the pulses are indistinguishable: just one long, high pitched whine.

The door of room 44 suddenly bursts open and a slave tumbles out. Lady Monica steps back in alarm but the male, his face and body contorted in the extremes of agony, throws himself prostrate before Dr Hazel.

"Please, Miss!" He screams, clutching her ankles. "Spare me! Turn it off!"



Lady Leah takes the device from Lady Monica and deactivates it: the bleeping ceases and the man's muscles are allowed to relax. Dr Hazel gives him an encouraging kick (for which he thanks her profusely) and the party follow him into the room.

Inside is the obligatory operating table over which the male is instructed to bend with his legs parted. Dr Hazel reaches between his thighs and draws his scrotum backwards for Lady Monica's inspection. "Notice anything odd, My Lady?"

The Mistress peers down and requires no further prompting ... "He appears to have three balls!"

"One of them is artificial," says Lady Leah. "It contains a miniature radio receiver and a small vibrating egg. Activating the transmitter makes his balls shake violently with the consequences that we've just witnessed."

"Certainly a novel method of punishment," says Lady Monica.

"Yes, but that's not how we envisage its primary use. We call it the Summoner. Press the button and the slave will waste no time in putting in an appearance."

"We're working on a more complex remote control device," says Dr Hazel. "A multiple, programmable transmitter. Several slaves - hundreds, possibly even thousands - could all have vibrating implants controlled by a single console."

The owner can summon any particular one of them by tapping in a few digits before activating the signal."

Lady Monica rubs her hands enthusiastically. "I see!" She says. "No more tardiness. Yes, that's excellent."

Outside in the corridor they are rejoined by Sonia who looks at her watch and reluctantly addresses Lady Monica: "My Lady, may I remind you that we are due to meet with the Imperial Finance Committee in a little over half an hour."

"Oh well," sighs the Lady, reluctant to leave the remarkable establishment. "Time for just one more room."

"We'll go on to 83 then," says Dr Hazel.

"No," insists Lady Monica. "I've been very impressed by everything that I have seen so far but I can't help feeling that you're only showing me the really interesting and useful things. Would I be so impressed if I were to inspect other less high-profile aspects of the institute's work?"

"My Lady," says Lady Leah. "Please feel free to choose your own itinerary: there is nothing here that we wish to hide from you."

Lady Monica leads off and briefly contemplates each door as she passes.

A train of twenty or so naked males approaches from the far end of the corridor. They are all handcuffed and linked to each other by collar and chain, shepherded by two institute guards. Lady Monica raises a hand to halt the train and enquires of the leading guard: "Where are you taking them?"

"Room 101" says the girl with a bright chuckle. "Every man's worst nightmare."

"It's the eunuchry," explains Dr Hazel. "Our research,



Dear Lady Jenna...

I have just read issue 2 of your fantastic magazine and I must say what a fantastic publication it is. When I first looked through it and saw all the beautiful photographs of Dominas smoking I became aroused like I have never been before over a magazine.

My present Mistress who I obediently serve three nights a week is a gorgeous blonde who dresses to 'Kill'. She is also a heavy smoker involving cigarettes in many of my punishments.

Having served the supreme Mistress Sally Anne for many years now I have endured all measure of punishments humiliation and degradation but there is nothing like the pain from a cigarette when it is held near the nipples, balls or other tender parts of the body.

Approximately every three months my Mistress will entertain a number of her female friends at home and I will of course do all the work and serving and there is nothing my Mistress enjoys more than making me safer in front of her friends.

She will strip me of my maids uniform and make me kneel in front of her and she will take great pleasure in telling me which parts of my body are to be tortured.

She will then take her time, smoking and exhaling very slowly until she is ready. She then takes one last drag knocking the ash off (into my mouth) then holding the burning end a fraction away from my nipple or thigh she will make me beg for her to burn me - there can be no greater pain or humiliation than this. This act is normally carried out with all the Mistresses present.

Normally at the end of these sessions my Mistress will place a full ash tray in front of where I am kneeling, she will then anoint it with her golden wine and then command me to clean it completely with my mouth. I feel very privileged to drink my Mistresses golden wine but mixed in this way it is sickening. Whilst I am struggling to finish my 'treat' my bottom and thighs are subjected to a thrashing.

Please keep up the good work and publish many more photographs of dominas smoking if there are any photo sets involving this I beg you to send me details.

Slave James, Kent

My beautiful Mistress Susan has commanded me, her male slave - maid to write to you on the subject of dominas with cigarettes. My Mistress and I like to see pictures of dominas wielding cigarette holders and using slaves as ashtrays. Yes, it does make them look haughty and imperious but only if they wield cigarettes, because she likes to wield a long cigarette holder and use me as her ashtray.

We realise that the fantasy world of Cruella doesn't actually cater for male maids but could some of the slaves in the pictures be dressed as slave maids, please? Also, could you please try to steer clear of showing the female breasts so much. It isn't that I don't like the female form; just that I think they look more alluring when clothed in erotic garments of

some kind. I realise I am probably in a minority here.

We would like to say we liked the pictures on pages 47-9 of issue two. The slave lighting the cigarette for its Mistress and also the beautiful slaves back. They are truly magnificent, thank you. Could we have a slave licking an ashtray clean. And a Domina patting the cigarette butt between the slaves teeth, ready to take away her cigarette butt? Maybe a story of a slave that is nothing but an ashtray for Dominas.

Dominas with cigarettes yes, but with cigarette holders, please.

Sorry this letter has gone on a little bit long. Certainly longer than I had planned. Still my beautiful Mistress Susan can Always punish me for that.

A.L. Essex

Suggest and you may well receive. I hope that you enjoyed the story 'Ashtray'. Yes, Mistress Susan MUST punish you for gaining any form of pleasure. The more you liked the story, the more severe the punishment. I hope that Mistress Susan will write to me personally about your punishment. After all, we cannot have slaves enjoying themselves.

LJ

Should Mistresses smoke?

YES, YES, YES, YES, YES.

Their slaves become a human - sorry, semi-human - ashtray. Kneeling at its Mistresses booted feet it is ordered to tip its head back, open its mouth wide and receive the ash from her cigarette.

When she wishes to 'park' the cigarette, she orders it to put its hand out, to form the hand into a cup shape, then lays the cigarette in the hand. Two



After many photographs in black and white or colour 2. How much they cost per photo set, and 3. Do you sell them in bulk. I would also like to know more about your dominas smoking videos.
Yours Sincerely E.D. Beds

Talking about Dominas smoking. I suppose they can do as they please, but to be really dominant they must be fit and smoking does not suit that image. Of course if they smoke they must stab on the bums and where better than a slaves cock, preferably the open slit!

I read your letters with interest. I agree that there should be a greater variety of techniques used such as squeezing, pulling and twisting the balls with hands or tools. The emasculators are good, but all over instantly, with no interesting detail. For me the girls would castrate slowly so that they could enjoy watching their victims.

The letter from Jackie strikes a chord with me. I dated a girl who was heavily into martial arts and self defence. I met her friends and attended some classes with her. The instruction books of dirty tricks she read had details of how to bring the male to the floor, then making sure he stayed there by stamping on the groin with stillets. The instructions were to try to penetrate the material and twist! I attended a beginners Karate lesson that Kim ran. She taught a lot of students Karate and self defence. The group I joined was mainly girls, being those ladies from Kim's self defence, who wanted to try Karate also. There were many fine young ladies all keen to attain the skills necessary to keep men in their place. None of them bothered with expensive Karate gear and the girls wore leotards, or aerobics outfits with gym shoes. Many of the young madames used the briefest of clothing, many followed kims example by wearing high cut thongs that fully exposed their bum cheeks with their tops clad in a thin lycra fabric. I loved attending despite Kim accusing me of taking to much of an interest in the students physique. One evening I packed my kit bag and went to the gym with Kim. When I got there I discovered that I had forgotten to pack my box. I was going to cancel but Kim insisted that I needed the exercise. The combat involved light contact, and there were no bars on the areas attacked. During defence training I was partnered by a tall aggressive goddess, with a fantastic body clad in a costume that must have been two sizes too small for her. I had to restrain her and she had to use the set method of breaking my grip. This involved stamping on the foot to loosen the grip, moving back and kneeling in the balls. It followed on by tripping the male, and gripping the other leg as he falls. This leaves the girl holding one leg with the male on his back. From there the female can stamp on the groin repeatedly if necessary. We took it in turns to practice, when Kim came over and told the young lady to put some aggression into it. Well I was concerned as I gripped her again. Kim then said make some contact this time it will be more realistic, he will have protection anyway so good and hard with those knees. The girl hit my foot with her heel and I let go. She then slammed her knee into my groin. It nearly took me off my feet and I was wounded. I was tripped and hit the floor on my back. The girl was fast and had my leg caught. Her foot was planted firmly into my groin. Kim told her to go harder advising her "If they're down make sure they stay there, now use your heel!--get those balls!"

The girl used her strong legs to force her heel into my groin.

After many direct hits she stopped and was congratulated on her aggression. The attack was not only very painful but humiliating as I was seen totally at her mercy by the entire class. The young lady smiled at me as she left. Later on Kim wanted to know how I felt and said "look what I found in your kit bag". She produced my protection. She proceeded to tell me that she had deliberately hidden my box and showed it to the girls in the changing rooms so the girl had known that I did not have protection. The next week there was no pain but there was the humiliation of meeting her again as she gloated over her power. She even asked me how long it took to stop hurting! This and further incidents with Kim started my interest in Fem Dom.

Regards Simon, overseas.

I have just purchased a copy of Cruella magazine and I noted on p. 60 a reference in the editorial reply to a letter from JG (Coventry) to videos. So what I am asking you is, do you supply fem. dom. videos and if so could you kindly send me full details please. I enclose a SAE for your convenience.

I don't wish to sound in any way derogatory but one sometimes suspects the authenticity of some of the readers' letters but if the letter from Jackie (also on p. 60) is for real then I would happily offer myself to her once a week as she requires to act out her fantasies. I am early 30's quite tall and slim and quite good-looking. If she is reading this she might contact me through your good selves? All the best, Paul

Well Jackie, perhaps you'd care to write in again? LJ



Mistresses smoking is even better, double the ash in the pig's mouth and a cigarette lying in each hand. What pain! It dare not move its hand because if the cigarette falls off it will get a thrashing.

Mistresses can have much sport with their cigarettes. Pinch the slaves nipples so that they stick out, then warm them up with the lighted cigarette. When she's had enough of the cigarette she orders the slave to be at her feet, throws the cigarette on to its chest or stomach, lets it lie then slowly grinds it out with her boot.

A Mistress could also use the lighted end on the rubbish between the slaves legs.
A Slave In Avon

Your magazine is unique, special, perfect because of one important fact - YOUR DOMINAS SMOKE. I have waited years for a magazine like yours to come along, no other magazine knows the power a cigarette gives to the dominas. You have caught the essential ingredient perfectly. You must keep this up. A Dominaatrix forcing a slave (non smoker) to watch her light up is my ultimate fantasy.

Please could you send me some info:- Dominas smoking on Video - pictures etc. at your mercy,
D. from Scotland

The Goddess Videos contain what you require. Also see 'Ashtray' Heading LJ

I am writing to you in response of the section on page 56 of edition no 2 of the fantasy world of Cruella under the heading Dominas with Cigarettes. I am writing to you to enquire if you have got any photo sets of beautiful cruel dominating Ladies smoking elegantly while their male slaves are in pain. I would like large photos of women in rubber or in leather smoking extra luxury length filter tipped cigarettes. Also I was wondering if you have any photos of older women smoking say a 50 to 60 year old woman as this turns me on. I suppose the bulk of the good photo sets have been snapped up. But I hope they're not. I would like to have more details of the photo sets. I need to know 1. How many photos in each set 2. How large a format they are 3. Whether

Thank you so much for the excellent Cruella. At last a Fem Dom magazine that truly puts all as feeble males in our place. The quality of the writing is excellent, and the photography is by far and away the best I have seen in any publication devoted to the subjugation of males.

Are your models true Mistresses, and is it possible to obtain copies of the photographs that appear in Cruella. I ask as Mistress Electra, who appeared in issue 2 has taken a hold on me. When I saw the pictures of her in her rubber dress, smoking her cigarette, it was as if she was saying to me 'come here worm and take your punishment'. What I would give to kneel before Mistress Electra, and feel the sting of her crop on my backside as my tongue slaves away on her long leather thigh boots. My respects to you Lady Jenna, and please will you pass on respects to Mistress Electra and thank her for appearing in your magazine, Thank you.

Your Humble Slave Dave, Surrey

Observations/requests

1.) Smoking? - Yes please, and more of it. (a major factor in buying issues 1 & 2: - 2 much better) e.g. issue 2: Frost cover, p.20, p.25 (bottom right), p.28, p.35 - just sublime!!

Back drop p.26-35 plain, dark back drop to show smoke curling upwards & exhaled smoke. Deliciously decadent mood setting - brilliant. (light background p.25,20 & 28 nowhere near so effective).

Cigarette holders - Ridiculously over-theatrical, spoils everything e.g. p.7 V-good shot spoiled by holder. Freshly lit king size between cruel red lips /fingernails does it all- keep it simple!

In need of smoking theme - All of p.20/21 p.29 (superb shot crying out for smoke & dark background) p.36, centre fold left hand side, p.45 (garden scene inappropriate, destroys mood. Outdoors only right for horseback/hunt scenes & not too many of them Svp.) p.60

2.) Eye contact p.25 (Lhs), p.37(top right) plus pics with 'Shades' are spoiled because there is no eye contact. Any F.D photo without sneering /mocking /gloating/ridiculing/direct gaze from model scores nil with me.

Out of 82 photos with head/face in shot, 43 have good, direct eye contact - great, 39 do not (or are obscured by 'shades') - Nearly half of my £10 wasted!! Notably weak areas p.8,12,13,15,16,38,40,41,42. Models do not relate to me. They exclude me while dealing with victim. p.46-52 - Total waste! Great model & attire but not victimising me!!

Miscellaneous ideas

a) Oral emphasis - you have good shots emphasising sensuous lips. Need more shots with: - Tongue exposed/exploring - Lips formed as if saying, " caught!" (my fetish word!) - 'eating': either a large prawn or small whole fish impaled on a cocktail stick and held to lips/tongue while looking wickedly into camera. (No hope for me is there?)

b) Props - Apart from the obvious fetish attire (excellent in 1&2), whips & cigarettes (hope you agree!) Evoke a powerful Dom Mood. Here are some ideas for expansion in the area of props & the scenarios they could project :-

Emsaculation: A 'Leather Nurse' & assistant armed with restraints advance menacingly towards camera. Assistant holds medical tray set out with scalpels, secateurs etc. Nurse prods finger to scalp tip to test it's sharpness with gleeful look to camera. Nurse demonstrates castration technique on tailors dummy to which imitation (erect) male tackle is strapped - but looking back over shoulder at camera.

Fencing: Dominant poses with foil/epee (No masks!) by topless models wearing chokers, long black gloves, white leggings (Lycra) with high heels or mid-calf boots (or thigh boots). Final shots looking upwards at towering, triumphant model as though through the eyes of the vanquished on his knees or his back in his final moments having been run through by the blade (all implied by photo). Camera follows blade up to gloating smile, cigarette held to cruel lips.

Male prelections: strapping on & playing with large imitation erection & balls. Outrages, flouting mimicry of male masturbation & mock orgasm, revelling in being phallic/dom woman. Upwards view of towering domina (smoking of course!) Holding 'cock' to camera + implied command to suck.

Lynch mob: 'Leather executioners' beckons to camera with mocking crooked finger of gloved hand as one would summon an inept waiter. Cruel smile (with cigarette!) Direct at camera. Other gloved hand holds coil of thick rope with noose. Implied hanging about to take place. Leather-clad, high heeled assistants armed with restraints closing in on them. They look excited & clearly revel in their power. Rope tossed over beam/slug from ceiling hook. High-heeled shoe/boot propped on chair/stool/box on which implied victim will be stood prior to his final crazed dance for their pleasure. (wow!! do it to me, Electra!)

It is realised that these props/scenarios may be a bit dodgy vis-a-vis obs.pab.Act + legal constraints thereto, but by avoiding directly graphic/explicit/literal portrayals of murder/mayhem/mutilation one should be able to operate within the said act. In any case this implied action/drama is hugely more erotic because it sets the scene + leaves us to build the rest of the fantasy in our minds, providing powerful release(!) A request, then, for above scenes/props to be



utilised in future issues. Finally to stress, themes to be implied/ hinted at. And do not have 'Victims' in shot, they detract from the power of the shots. Have the models act it out to camera so that we, the viewer of the action, are the 'Victims'. Finally, excellent photography (especially No.2) with some good full page shots. Poor stories - etched drawings (e.g. 'Athena's little man') utterly weak + pathetic - an insult to intelligence! (Much more of that + I stop buying!) I will write you a stunning story sometime, and one you could print at that, based on one of these scenarios. You will be hearing from me, meanwhile keep the standards high. H.M

Issue 2 of the fantasy world of Cruella posed the question of dominas with cigarettes and as a result, I find myself writing to a special interest magazine for the first time.

Finally, congratulations upon the very best F.D magazine. Ever since issue 1, I have eagerly awaited issue 2, I certainly was not disappointed. The photography is excellent, the whole content, stories & photos are incredibly stimulating.

In response to your question regarding cigarettes, the answer is a resounding yes! I have been fascinated by attractive girls smoking for about the same length of time as I have realised I am Masochistic. I have a collection of photos of girls smoking that I would be surprised if anyone could match. You have obviously added to that collection recently, both in quantity, but more particularly, quality. Cigarettes are a symbol of arrogance & haughtiness, as you suggest, they allow the domina to distance herself from her subject. They give her pleasure, but afford her slave none. In fact, in the hands of skilled dominas, such as yourself, cigarettes can give the Mistress pleasure, whilst causing the slave agony. I know, I've been lucky enough to serve Mistresses who have allowed me to 'share' their cigarettes.

I was very interested in the letters in issue two. The majority of letters seemed very much in favour of dominas with cigarettes. The vote must be virtually won already. The idea of a 'Smoking girl' magazine would have me queuing at the door of my book shop.

I found myself agreeing with your 1st correspondent who pleaded for genital punishment to be featured. I am not so averse as he to whipping & beating, but I do prefer genital torture. I realise the censorship difficulties but your competitors have occasionally got over the problem by imaginative camera angles. Now there's a challenge, I'm sure your not going to let any of your competitors out-do you, Lady Jenna! There can be little doubt that the most powerful domination & torture is to turn a males own sexual tools against him.

The story 'Athena's little man' by Phantom is a superb example. The imagery of a little 'man', 4-12 inches tall has an obvious parallel. The only way the symbolism could have been any clearer, would have been if the door to it's cage had been a zip! I have been fortunate enough to have lived my fantasies out with several Dominas, although usually it's been a little friend of mine, William, who has borne the brunt of the pain.

William would be familiar to Athena & Phantom, as he is also a mini-man. He is not as large as some described by Phantom and stands only 6 inches tall, yet he is quite stocky and has been something of a ladies man. He also was something of a sportsman, I think, and still trails the two footballs around with him in a sack. He used to be a rugby player, I think, rather than a soccer player as the balls appear to be oval rather than spherical. He is with me nearly all the time, living in my left trouser pocket.

Little Willie has suffered at the hands of five different dominas. Quite often it has been much the same as in Phantom's story, where the domina has used her cigarette to burn my little mini-man. His head is the most delicate and where most burns have been inflicted. The football sack has not escaped attention however, and Phantom's story of a slow, inexorable progress towards pain certainly captured William's attention. He was stood bolt upright as we read it. I expect it had a similar effect on 'A mere male', your first correspondent, as it was a perfect demonstration of the double power - psychological and physical - of cigarettes in a domination scenario, and really confirmed the strength of genital punishment, particularly when it destroys the mini-man. Could Phantom do a series? 'Adventures of a mini-man', or perhaps it should be 'Misadventures'!

Back to the experiences of little Bill. He still can recall the first time, about fifteen years ago, when a domina casually remarked, "I don't seem to have an ashtray to stub this cigarette out. What on earth can I use?" But perhaps the most exciting moments recently have been when my Mistress has required bill to help her light her cigarette. She makes him stand up very straight, and then puts an unlit match in his mouth. I watch, in awe, as she puts the flame on her lighter to the match.

The match bursts into flame. Sometimes Willie has difficulty in staying bolt upright, but if not, Mistress will usually force him to bend over for a few moments. Either way, the flame always takes a good hold of the match.

My Mistress then takes her cigarette, slowly and tantalisingly. She delays taking a light, however, and the three of us sit there, Will and I transfixed by the flame, burning lower and lower, and her amused by the little tableau in front of her. Eventually, she'll take her light, but she certainly doesn't always blow the match out. She says that that's the joy of the system. "If I forget to blow my match out it will always go out when it reaches the mini-man's mouth. The flame may be quite large by then, in which case it will take some time to die, but it does die eventually. The ultimate safety match!"

She will generally sit there, smoking, blowing the smoke into my face, and knocking the ash off into my mouth, but Will gets by far the worst of the bargain. The red hot tip of the cigarette touches him all over sometimes lightly, sometimes firmer, some are just a brief touch, but other times Mistress holds it against him and blows on the tip to increase the temperature. The first cigarette is bearable, but over an evening Mistress might have three or four.

My Mistress has also found William useful in her ecological research. She has dedicated some

considerable time and effort into looking at plant life of Britain. She can be considered something of an expert in the common nettle. "A much maligned plant" she always says, her problem was always not having a means of measuring the formic acid in a plant, as, I'm sure you're aware, it can vary enormously. Bill has solved the problem. She picks the nettles in long, black leather gloves, and extracts the formic acid by rubbing the nettles against William and his little football sack. She can judge the amount of formic acid by William's reactions. Sometimes she extracts the acid by



holding a stem against Bill's naked body and giggles him up and down. I think she is planning some sort of repository for nettle extract - a sort of formic acid bank - she always refers to 'banking the acid from the nettles'. At least, I think she said banking. The head of the nettles does tend to bang into the sack holding the footballs, but this doesn't seem to distract my Mistress. I wish I could say the same for Willie.

To date, Mistress has determined that the maximum formic acid is available in field nettles, with a profusion of stinging hairs, preferably on shorter, fresher nettles from clamps in fields that have recently been grazed - especially, for some reason, by sheep.

What she intends to do with this scientific research I do not know. Mistress has yet to find the strongest nettle, and she has vowed that she will not consider the next step until she has completed her search for the perfect nettle.

I watch her playing with my little mini-mate, William, with all sorts of bits of kit, and my descriptions could go on forever - much like my Mistress - but time and her demands prevent me.

One last point however, which I wonder whether is common to other domina/slave relationships. Despite my Mistress's ministrations, Willie's revolt against his punishment is usually expressed by spitting at my Mistress and I. Mistress usually manages to protect us by catching his spittle in an egg cup. She keeps the full egg cups in the freezer, and has turned the outcome into small, frozen tablets.

As I described above, Mistress is currently into green issues. In addition to the ecological research I have already outlined, she is fond of recycling. Consequently, at times in our little sessions with William, when it amuses my Mistress, she pops one of the little frozen tablets into my mouth and makes me recycle it. Is this practise common? Do you do this to your breeders, Lady Jenna?

Well, I could go on and on, but I do hope that you have found this letter interesting, and that some of it, subject to editorial press, may be published. If so, perhaps other domina/slave relationships might be enhanced by my Mistress's imagination. Mistress and I would be glad to read of other readers experiences and imagination, as I'm sure our experiments have not even dented the limits of FD potential.

I will continue to buy Cruella (subscription not being possible) as soon as they are available, and as long as you continue to produce the goods. Other publications have always disappointed by starting showing smoking dominas but eventually whimpering out. Please, please, please, keep we fetishists happy and continue to press the limits - perhaps a photo story of 3 or 4 of your lovely dominas smoking, whilst slowly, deliberately and calculatingly torturing a single slaves genitals. I'm sure I have given you some ideas but I'm also sure, Lady Jenna that you have more! Oh to be that slave!

Yours sincerely H.G. William & their Mistress

I think your magazine is great, really first class and may it live on forever. I find myself agreeing totally with all the letters on the letters page. Being a mere male slave I would love to have smoke blown into my face or having a fag end stabbed on to my chest or back by one of the dominant Mistresses in your magazine. I do in particular like to see women who are dominant in high stiletto heels because nothing symbolises the dominant woman more than the spike heel, in this I find myself in full agreement

with your reader from Kettering in issue 2.

I would also like all the girls from Cruella to walk all over me with their sharp stilettos, including you 'Lady Jenna', until I scream for mercy, you can be as cruel as you like to me, I would love it. Although there is not one of your Ladies I would not grovel for and pledge my undying devotion for, I found Mistress Katie breathtaking in the story 'Tales from Moonrise Manor'. I would gladly let her walk all over me and grind me beneath her stiletto heels. I'd lick her heels clean, let her kick me or stamp on me with them. She can use me as her personal doormat and wipe the floor with me as I'm crushed beneath her spike heel. I know that in comparison to her I'm just a worthless little insect of total insignificance, and even the picture of her in Cruella brings me to my knees, but I would love to appear in a photo story with her, I am hers to trample on. Please print my letter and tell me what Mistress Katie would like to do to me.

An inferior male slave. T.J. North London

Just received Cruella No 2. What a superb magazine it is. I thought No 1 was fantastic, but you have surpassed yourself with this issue. The photo on page 46 is out of this world.

Mistress Diana, beautiful, the ultimate Goddess, and such a sensational bottom. Everything I could dream of (I know, dream on boy). Page 43 + 44 has more, as Lady Camilla struts her stuff. She's gorgeous, please could we have much more of these dominant Ladies, and much more, of those excellent bottom shots.

Any part of a Mistress's body is worthy of the most highest esteem, but Madame's bottom is special.

Black & white photos are so much better than colour; they show up the dominant female form in all its glory, and the Ladies look much more ruthless. Legs slightly apart hands on hips, fishnet tights or stockings, black thigh boots, whip in hand divine.

This is the first time I have wrote to someone about my fetish, I hope I have done so with humility and respect. Thanks for a great magazine.

Chris from Essex

